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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

## The Cruise of a Drifted Boat.

By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

### I.

Famous Don Quixote, citing from the fantastical books of chivalry that had turned his poor kindly old brain, exclaims:

"You have no one now who, issuing out of a forest and finding on the beach a small skiff, without oars, sail or mast, boldly throws himself into it, and suddenly plunging about one thousand leagues from the place where he embarked, leaps upon the unknown shore and encounters accidents worthy to be recorded on brass."

Now, however, the above may have been at the time of good old Don Quixote, there is some one at the present day who has done, as you might say, pretty much that very thing. I can speak with such confidence on the subject, for I myself, Arthur Bonwell, am the person that did it.

I got into an open boat, without oar, sail or mast. I drifted away with it wherever it would please to go, and I met with adventure worthy, as it seems to me, to be recorded not only on brass but on U. S. gold coin, 22 carats fine. I do not go up to 26 carats, the limit, because, you know, anything finer than that is too soft to make proper tablets of. I have no objection to relating it if there may be some small measure of interest in it for you.

I was staying temporarily with some uncongenial relatives (relatives can, and sometimes will, be uncongenial, you know); I was waiting for a position I had applied for and was uneasily uncertain about getting, and it was early springtime, that season which is apt to add to the discontent and dreamings of the poetically-minded, and I thought myself somewhat of a poet in those days—and had, in fact, in my pocket a small scheme of verses at which I was working when this adventure began.

It was one of those days in very earliest spring, when it is seen that winter will let go its grip. Some shoots of tender grass peered up near the snow; the water ran down the gutters with a mimicry of murmuring brooks; there was a touch of balm in the air, and it was evident that dear, delectable, summer would really come again.

I came down the Shrewsbury River, at the Highlands of Navesink, just there at its mouth, below the castellated twin lights, which send out the last gleams to travellers departing on far ocean voyages from New York, and the first to those returning. There lay in the edge of the water a skiff that had all the air of having drifted away. It bore in rather a faded painting a name "Marcelle." It had no oar, sail nor any other means of propulsion. I stepped into it and with a vigorous push of my foot moved off.

Now then, that odd pleasant little river, having but scanty length, tries to atone for it by having a good deal of breadth. The tide was setting upward, which in this stream is also southward. For the first part of this fantastic voyage nothing particular happened, and for the last part, up to its climax, nothing happened either.

There were a fine fishing-craft and an early yacht or two afloat. I took the wash of the swift little steamer Sea Gull speeding down to Red Bank, but it did me no harm. I watched the summer hotels and villas to the eastward, which struck me with a whimsical resemblance to some mammoth circus procession marching upon their long spit of sand. I was swept around a graceful bend into the western branch of the river. I passed the Neptune Club House lying white like a larger patch of the lingering snow. I looked at the rural wooded slopes which the season would soon take to life.

But the voyage grew monotonous. To relieve its tedium I drew out the copy of verses I had in my pocket and renewed my labor upon it. Have you ever been impressed at the sight of the red signal flag, presage of dire disasters, that the Weather Bureau hoists upon the tall buildings in advance of storms? Well, I have, and just then I was trying to see if I could make something of that in a few stanzas—published later in the

Poet's Corner of a Red Bank newspaper—to which I gave the title of "The Storm Flag Up."

"Thou spot of scarlet floating high,  
What—lum de tum—betoken!  
This day will witness sailors die  
And—um te tum um—broken."

Engaged upon this famous effusion, I was now looking up for a rhyme and now looking down for a rhyme. When I came to look round about for an idea or a rhyme, I noticed that my skiff, which had been proceeding now bow on, now stern or sideways on, "any old way," as the saying is, was not going ahead at all; it was just drifting round and round in an eddy, near the shore, with no prospect of getting out of it. Cakes of ice large and small were following me around in the eddy, parasite fashion.

But that was not all I noticed. With the same glance I saw that a young woman of comely, high bred, aspect was looking at me, with a surprised, haughty, sort of interest, from the bank of what seemed a fine estate.

"How were you going to get ashore?" she inquired, dryly, but in a pleasing, musical voice.

"Oh I—I was not expecting to stop. I was just—just passing, going on a little down the river," was, I think, my stammering, confused, reply.

"Not expecting to stop? Then what were you intending to do with our boat?"

With her boat? So this was her boat? And this (most likely) was "Marcelle?" By one of those odd coincidences, that after all happen so often that they are scarcely odd at all, it had come back quite directly to where it belonged.

So abashed was I at my absurd predicament before this winsome person, and at her unlooked-for address, that in partly rising to make my most profound bow, I nearly fell overboard. There should, of course, be a fair maiden at the end of such a high adventure, but did ever Sir Amadis or Sir Bevis present himself before her under such ridiculous circumstances?

She had been sitting on a garden bench, near a spring-house, with a rug under her feet and books and papers in her lap. She rose, came forward, found at the water's edge a small plank, and, bending, in a way that showed, through a beautiful costume, the curves of a charming body, pushed it off to me. I used it as a paddle and brought my skiff to shore.

It appears that it had been brought out to be repainted and had been carried off by the tide two days before, and had been advertised for. She had me take it down a small landing below, and on my return asked me to write down my name and address so that the advertised reward could be sent me. I protested stoutly against any reward; it was only too great a pleasure to serve her, and under the circumstances, the idea of compensation was most unwarranted. She rather haughtily insisted, and I could only do as she demanded.

She sat down again with her books and papers by the spring-house. It was an octagon-shaped pavilion with an iron door and an ivy-grown window. I could hear the water of the spring splashing down, as over steps, within. It was the kind of a house where they sometimes keep butter and milk for cooling.

For all her proud comeliness, I thought she had a weary, somewhat sad, air. As she settled back to her work, I saw with a start of new interest what this work was. She had in her lap a drawing-board, and was designing upon it a vertical sun-dial. Now it so happened that sun-dials were one of my various enthusiasms; and here was at once something to talk about.

"So charming a way of telling the hours and combining ornament with it should never have been allowed to pass out of use," I maintained, "and it is good to see that among certain enlightened people the taste for them is coming back again, with the old-fashioned names and gardens and furniture, and good, comfortable, old architecture. They may even yet be the fashion."

"So I am one of the enlightened people?" she said, her eyes and brows relaxing, and her expression passing from its gravity into a genial smile. "Thanks." With all her

dignity she could be simple and natural.

She let me look over her shoulder. She was drawing, for the sun-dial, a wide border with garlands, signs of the Zodiac, cupids, and old Father Time with his scythe and hour-glass. The dial was to be put up on the spring-house. A smooth space of plaster, she explained, was to be prepared on the rough stone wall, and upon this, the shadow-giving rod being first set, she was going to paint the design with her own hands, beginning as soon as fair weather would permit.

She was pleased that I knew something of this pursuit. The fact is that I had made some of these designs myself, and one reason for my wanting to make a fortune—which had still to be made from the very beginning—was so as to have a property large enough for me to set up some of them as I might desire.

So Marcelle—I saw the name, too, scribbled on the edge of her drawing-board, as draughtsmen scribble when waiting for an inspiration—and I discoursed a little on the attractions of these primitive clocks. We said how the sun himself comes down and frankly works with you, moving the silent shadow over the hour lines; and we spoke of the many ingenious mottoes that point a pensive moral and embellish the designs. "I'm not sure I've got the fad so strongly as you," she said, "but it helps keep me in occupation. I must have something to do."

She was laying out the problem of her sun-dial by a difficult method, which would have puzzled me considerably. In the faint hope that such offer might lead to some extension of the acquaintance, I offered to put at her disposal an old book I had picked up, giving a simpler plan, a kind of rule-of-thumb process, which seemed to answer all practical purposes.

She rejected it, saying, "No, thank you. As I have taken up the subject to keep myself busy, why should I want to escape difficulties or shorten the labor?"

Thus there would often come from her reply, not as in complaining, but half forgetfully, a puzzling little note, bordering on the pathetic, of loneliness, of being driven in upon herself for the resources needed to make her life tolerable.

While we talked I studied her looks with an eager admiration. Her eyes and brows were particularly lovely. Her features were not so very regular, but were moulded with distinction. One thing that had flashed upon me in the first quick impression, in the way that such things will—and it was an impression that I never could or would renew later—was that she seemed older than I. She must have been about twenty-seven, and I was then twenty-three, and looked younger. Thus she was some four years, four adorable years, my elder. This is a detail that, I state frankly, is odious to me. I ignore, I loathe, I repudiate, this slight difference in our ages, and she knows it, but it has suited her humor, on several occasions, calmly and mockingly to recall attention to it if there was any danger of its being forgotten.

That disparity of ages is, I suppose, one of the reasons why she could treat me in the patronizing way. Though to be sure there were reasons enough why she should, quite apart from that. How indeed, could such a type of exquisitely refined feminine charm, far superior to anything I had ever had the good fortune to meet before, have other than a condescending air, with one like me, arriving there a perfect stranger to her, and in my working clothes? Yes, even this latter petty item I had the vanity to regret, for I would like to make upon her the best impression possible.

I will speak of another thing, too. I had noted in her appearance, and that was her attire. Especially, when she had stood forth boldly on the bank, against the background of the shrubbery and the snow; every detail of it was impressed upon me, to the point of the most accurate recollection. She wore a dress of dark woolen stuff, into which was interwoven a certain small pattern of red. I make mention of this matter not for its interest in itself—though it seemed to me that she had always, even in her raiment, the touch that wins the eye

of the artist and the poet—but, because at a later time, it came to have an extreme importance.

The sun-dial, as a topic of conversation, was soon ended. There was no longer any excuse for my staying, and there seemed nothing for it but to go away. But it gave me ready a kind of pain, to think of leaving this charming acquaintance. I lingered.

And then, I know not how it came about, we were soon chatting almost like old friends.

Marcelle inquired with a quizzical smile as to my quixotic voyage in the drifted boat, and what had prompted me to undertake it.

"You are laughing at me," I said.

"No, I am just laughing."

"Well it was absurd and stupid, and I guess I ought not to mind being mocked at."

"Don't you know it was dangerous? You might have been run down by some vessel and sunk."

"I can swim."

"But, really, what were you going to do with our boat?"

"I don't think I thought of that much. The important thing was what the boat was going to do with me."

I have been told that in those days I had an open, boyish, countenance, and an ingenious trick of blushing. This may have helped to the kindly hearing she gave me. This tongue of mine was ever ready to run on when it got half a chance, and now it got more than half a chance. She gave me the floor and I took it with a graceless egotism.

"I'm an excellent listener," she said, "and unusually good at keeping close the things that are told me."

She delicately drew me out about my hopes and fears and trials; never was there a more winning sympathetic way. There came up the subject of my education in the small college in the West; my start in life by losing at once my small capital; my verses even—and she was good enough to listen to "The Storm Flag Up," as far as it had got; and my present situation. It was bad form, of course, but, secure in the feeling of confidence she inspired, it was a relief to tell her even something of the traits of the Bonwells—the smug, wholly commonplace, well-to-do, highly respectable family of relations with whom I, Arthur Bonwell, was staying—their worship of money, their disapproval of pretty much all my doings and ideals.

"Is it the Bonwell family up towards Atlantic Highlands?" she asked.

"Yes, do you know them?"

"Yes—no, I merely know there used to be such a family up that way some years ago. They had large market-gardens that we saw when driving by."

"Yes, I have been helping about their work while waiting for something to happen."

"So you are discontented with your lot? If a man is discontented with his lot, all he has to do is get another one."

"That is what I am trying to do." And this led to a more detailed account of the hoped-for position on the country paper.

"To be an editor. Oh, that is fine," she declared.

"A reporter, at first, is much nearer the mark," I had to state.

This treasure of a Marcelle advised a more conciliatory attitude towards my relatives, warned me against too easy discouragement, predicted for me a successful future; she counselled me as a gentle sister might; she was the sweet Egeria of me, a callow, most unimportant, Numa Pompilius. When I came to know, later, of the heavy burden that rested upon her own life, this self-effacing concern in the destiny of another touched me to the heart.

Among other things we talked of in the long, pleasant, chat, were books. At that time books were almost a more vivid interest with me than was actual life; the characters in them were of more importance to me than most of the real persons I knew. I liked to discuss those characters, to try and carry them further, to imagine, as you might of real people, what they might have done if such and such circumstances had been different.

Marcelle entered very appreciatively into this taste. And then we both had in our heads many fine

quotations, which we proceeded to exchange in a kind of small literary duel.

"What a lot of books you have read, and all the best ones!" I exclaimed, airing my admiration.

"I have read a good many, and I suppose there are some good ones among them," she rejoined.

Again the small note of sadness, the implied admission that she had done many things not for their interest in themselves but to kill time, to forget, to fill a weary void.

I know not how it was, but she grew less reserved, less gently baffling about herself. My confidence had possibly begot hers. She told me of various of her occupations. She had had animal pets, a formal garden, given herself to music, fine art, courses in correspondence schools, making her own clothing, had built an arbor and a part of the boat house and even a portion of the boat I had brought back to her, in which she sometimes rowed, but not far, on the river.

"A female Admirable Crichton!" I exclaimed with willing praise.

"You do not know how well—or how badly I do them," she replied, repudiating this. "I assure you, there is nothing whatever admirable about me."

Now in all this, there was nothing said of her own family or situation, nothing said showing any close association with people or places round about nor with the great metropolis of New York, of which this is a part of the vast tributary district. Furthermore, she either wholly ignored or was ignorant of many principal features and doings of current important interest. She seemed to know less than even I, a complete stranger, did, of the fine seaside villas and hotels beyond the Shrewsbury, though their fireworks must often have flared upon the sky and the strains of their music have come drifting over to her in the summer nights. She remained just a beautiful mystery.

She has been so gracious, had given me so much leeway, I boldly took more.

"Do you know you sometimes puzzle me very much?" I ventured. "You have ways of talking as if you were a hermit."

"You do not know how much of a hermit I am," she responded. Then a grave smile she had faded into a real gravity, and she made a startling statement.

"I have not been off this place for many years."

I paused a moment in my astonishment. Then, "You like it so much? You are so fond of it?" I asked.

She was smiling again, amiably now. "Let us say it is my whim; I am a whimsical person, you know."

Feeling that my surprised air was not very polite, I said, "Oh with the congenial sort of company I could make a very good attempt at being a hermit myself."

"As to the 'congenial sort of company'—," she began, but paused there. "Just now there is a sort of interregnum," she continued;

"otherwise I might not have had the pleasure of this agreeable interview."

"It is indiscreet to ask, but—but—there is no compulsion about this?" I queried, a spirit of championship flaring in me.

"Oh dear, no; I stay of my own accord."

"You are not an invalid; that is evident. That is not the reason."

"But I soon shall be," she said briskly, "and you too, if we loiter here like this much longer." She gave a little shiver, and caught up a substantial, half-military looking cloak that lay at hand and drew it close around her shoulders. With the decline of the afternoon the traditional cold of the early March day was coming back.

"And you mean to always keep it up? to go nowhere? to see no one?" I argued.

She gave a little defiant whistle, and then asked, "Don't you remember the lines in *Il Penseroso*—"

"These pleasures Melancholy give  
And I with these will choose to live."

I did, for I sometimes felt that way myself; but I protested stoutly. "It is not the kind of a life for one like you to live."

She caught at this, and asked as with a quick childish curiosity, "For one like me?" she repeated. "How do I seem to you? It is so long

since I have heard. What am I like?"

Here my bent towards poetical rhapsody broke forth uncontrolled. "You were born to shine, to adorn the world, and it is nothing less than wicked to hide yourself away from it. It is plain that you have a lovely nature, you have all the talents and accomplishments, you are simply adorable to look at, you—"

She held up a hand in mute protest. "I brought this on myself; I ought not to have asked," she said in smiling confusion. "You talk quite like a young poet, who would come floating in an open boat. And now I'm afraid it's quite time you were going home."

I begged that she would let me come again. I argued the possible advantage there might be in her seeing my old sun-dial book, if she would let me bring it. At first she refused with an air of finality, but then, relenting, yielded to my wish. It was agreed that I should come again there to the river bank a week later. The spot was sheltered and warm, she hoped then to be actually putting up the dial, and at any rate she was in the habit of going forth in all sorts of weather, and she would almost certainly be there.

"Have you any idea who I am?" she asked.

"Not in the least, I only know—"

"There, that will do," checking any, possible, further compliments. "I inferred as much. Then would you do me a favor?"

"With all my heart."

"Even if it is a rather unusual and whimsical one?"

"Do let me do something to please or serve you," I urged.

"You do not know who I am; then do not try to find out. Promise me even to try not to know who I am, for a little while, until—I give you permission."

I promised enthusiastically. This touch of mystery and secret confidence between us gave the affair its final charm.

It was a most peculiar situation, it was hard to believe that it was a part of my own experience, but there it was. I could only account for it in the theory—as later the case proved to be—that, too much weighed down by seclusion she had broken over a trifle the barriers that for some unknown reason had been set for her. She had taken a brief respite from sadness, had been willing to practice upon me, a chance comer, the brightness of her eyes, the enchantment of her smile, and had allowed herself a momentary taste of the gaiety of heart so natural to her age and feminine charm.

We were at this point when a crackling of steps was heard on the snow. Out from among the shadows cast by a line of cedar-trees bordering, a path that led up to the distant mansion appeared a stout, elderly man, who came towards us. Marcelle's easy, gentle, manner vanished at once, and was succeeded by a stiff reserve.

"My guardian, Mr. Malbury, she said, presenting me. Then, to him, "This young man has brought back our missing boat. Not having my purse with me, I was taking his name and address, to send the reward."

Jacob Malbury, as I came to know later, was the maternal uncle as well as the guardian of the young woman. He acknowledged my presence with a sort of grunt. There was something in his looks as hard as steel. He had an air of grim, overbearing authority. Here was a certain light already bearing upon the matter of the "congenial companionship" we had mentioned. Without a word he drew forth his pocket-book and doled out a small sum. I would again have positively declined all compensation, but at a mute signal from Marcelle, I awkwardly accepted.

This ended the conference; I made my bows and took my departure. As I had no means of returning home by the river, I followed the path through the grounds by which Mr. Malbury had come down. I passed a wide expanse of lawn, a formal garden with pergolas and arbors, a fine, high-pitched, white dwelling, and issued upon the main road. The miles of my homeward tramp passed almost unperceived, though I caught a ride a part of the way. I was already deep in the poem I would make about this perfect divinity. I thought of her with ecstasy. And this lovely person had

actually become an acquaintance, a friend, of mine? This wonderful adventure, enhanced by its air of mystery and romance, had happened to me—to me, Arthur Bonwell, who had been wont to think that nothing of interest could ever happen in his life? Oh blessed vagary of the drifted boat!

And so I arrived again at the Bonwell market-gardens and the inharmonious society of my relatives, of whom, however, I could not but think a little more leniently now, since they dwell so near the new divinity and had put me in the way of this wondrous experience.

[To be continued.]

## OIL IS KING.

Petroleum—Rock Oil—has brought more wealth from every country, to the United States, during the last two score years, than any other production of our fields or mines. Gold, silver, iron, copper, cotton, wheat, or corn, have not enriched us so extensively, from every continent of our world, as has this remarkable production of Nature, within the last half-century. Nor have any of our products done more good to humanity in foreign lands than this. It has (like the sun) "shed its radiant light on lands that long in darkness lay." In Africa, Asia, Europe, South America and the Islands of the Sea, it has entered every hut of the poor or the homes of the rich. Hence, in light, fuel, gas, and innumerable other shapes, Petroleum has reigned as King.

This wonderful benefactor of mankind may be truthfully affirmed to be, in its present development, a native of the United States. It was only born a half-century ago, in the State of Pennsylvania. The beautiful little City of Titusville, Pa., on the famous "Oil Creek," was its birthplace. Although Job, of Bible times, states that "the Rock poured out rivers of oil," yet it remained, until 1859, a secret how to induce rocks in this new world to "pour out oceans of oil." The great discovery of how to make rocks hundreds and thousands of feet below the surface to disgorge their liquid treasures to enlighten those, "in darkness and shadow of death," and to make them happier, was due, like all discoveries and inventions, to the genius, grit, enterprise, and faith, of one man, Edwin L. Drake. This indomitable Yankee, from New Haven, Ct., despite of incredible difficulties and innumerable discouragements—by drilling down many feet through the sand-rock, finally "struck oil," that "spouted out," in paying quantities. This fortunate "strike" produced great excitement throughout the country.

It led from that period to this, to the development of a vast industry and the production of billions of barrels of crude oil. Thousands of men, by this initial act of Drake's; have during the last fifty years, been active in the production, transportation, distillation and marketing of this bountiful gift of nature. Its speedy distillation; as kerosene and other products, is generally due to another man; now called the richest individual on earth. Titusville, thus may not only justly boast of being the birthplace of world-wide Petroleum industry, but also of having started thousands of men on the high road to fortune.

All the great magnates and multi-millionaires of oil owe their present wealth to this great discovery, one of the greatest marvels of the many miracle achievements of the last half-century. Hundreds of towns, almost anywhere, have sprung from Rock Oil and its many varied substances. Titusville, having been built by petroleum, that has now passed away from it, is still one of the prettiest little cities of the State. It was settled in 1796, by Jonathan Titus, a Connecticut Yankee. The Presbyterian Church here, long well-known as one of the foremost missionary churches of its denomination, was organized just one hundred years ago, with forty members, by Rev. Amos Chase, a Presbyterian Missionary from Connecticut.

HENRY M. HALL.  
TITUSVILLE, PA., Sept., 1915.

A lot of valuable time is wasted in trying to get even.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1915.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 166d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man :  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us.  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

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From New York to the Golden Gate.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"I do not ask for saintly souls to spur me on my way,  
Nor male and female devils to lead my steps astray;  
If these be added I rejoice, if not I do not mind,  
So long as I have leave and choice to meet my fellow-kind.  
For, as they come and as they go, whatever grade they be,  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me."

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Convention, while assembled in the Civic Auditorium at San Francisco, the men and women of California cannot be charged with any lack of effort or zeal to make it great and grand and successful.

I mingled much with these Californians, and found them all imbued with an earnest desire to promote the welfare of the National Association and to enhance the enjoyment of their brethren from other States. I shall always remember with admiration the many refined and lovely and intelligent ladies, and appreciate the odd moments I so often passed in the company of well-mannered and congenial men.

In the previous chapter of this sojourn in San Francisco, I failed to mention the barbecue in the Muir Woods. The walk from the train through the grove of giant redwood trees was a pleasure and an inspiration, with an occasional thrill. We went along Indian file by a path that wound up and down and around on the mountain side, crossing a rivulet upon a corduroy bridge. At another point we passed over a gully bridged by a single log, with a shakyness rattling on one side. Some of the ladies skipped across with the agility of squirrels, but others, in trembling dismay, were helped slowly and cautiously to the opposite bank.

A steep descent made by zig-zag paths brought the entire party to a level stretch of ground, provided with benches and tables, near which, over a fire built into the ground, great grids gave forth a savor from over a hundred choice cuts of beef. Everybody lined up, and soon were relishing the tender steak surrounded with frigos and other condiments that would make the heart of a gourmet palpitate with joy. A seemingly unlimited supply of ice cream topped off the feast. All of this was a free treat. We thank you, brethren of the sunset land. The day spent in the Muir Woods is indelibly engraved upon the tablets of my memory.

On the return we had a fine bird-eye view of the Panama Pacific Exposition. I have been at all of the great Expositions since the World's Fair at Philadelphia in 1876, but never have I seen such a beautiful artistic grouping of splendid edifices as those that overlook the Golden Gate. The Tower of Jewels glistened in polychromatic splendor. The magnitude of the white panorama of stately structures was extremely impressive. But the JOURNAL has been embellished with columns of descriptive articles on the Exposition from the facile pen of my dear friend, Miss Wilsey Mitchell, so I will not attempt to repeat poorly what has already been well said. My three visits to the Exposition could well be multiplied ten times and each time surprise me with newer and keener interests.

A memorable day was Friday, June 23d. That was the date of the morning session at the California Institution at Berkeley, with the afternoon in the Greek Theatre of the University of California. Of course we took the ferryboat (an early one) from the foot of Market Street, San Francisco, and again of course we were landed at Oakland, from whence a Claremont car soon deposited us within a block or so of the Institution. I am glad the walk was necessary, for it unfolded scenes of

beauty. I thought "if there's peace to be found in the world, a heart that is humble might hope for it here." At intervals along the sidewalk, separating it from the road, a heavy fringe of flowering bushes lined the way. The scent of Eucalyptus (or gum) trees permeated the morning air as we entered the Institution gate, which I soon discovered was the rear gate, chosen because it somewhat shortened the walk.

The Institution comprises fifteen separate buildings, which form a picturesque group nestling in the shadow of the densely wooded Berkeley Hills.

The principal, or Academic building, faces a long avenue, bordered on either side by great banks of red geranium and walnut shade trees. The terrace, directly in front, is "fenced" with century plants, ten of which were in bloom. The blossom shaft, which has peculiar curled shoots at the ends of which the blooms appear, when its full height has been reached, rises to a height of thirty feet. It blooms once in twenty-five years, and then the shaft comes away and leaves only the plant, which varies in height from six to eight feet. These blossom shafts often grow at the rate of six inches a day. Surrounding the century plants, and also growing close to the ivy-grown walls of the building, are different varieties of flowers in profusion, and beyond rises a tall flagstaff in the center of a circle of green lawn. The vast acreage is beautified with date palms and black and English walnut trees. Fifty yards or less from the main entrance is Tilden's famous bronze group "The Bear Hunters." There is a fine orchard, from which, I was informed, the most recent yield was eight thousand gallons of apricots, besides a great quantity of prunes, pears, quinces and cherries.

Unaccompanied, I visited one or two classrooms, which were admirably furnished with modern equipment in the way of desks, blackboards, etc., good natural light and ventilation.

Later, accompanied by Principal Milligan, I visited the chemical laboratory over which Prof. Howson presides. It seemed amply fitted with paraphernalia for instruction in elementary chemistry.

Next the shoe shop, which has considerable machinery for facilitating the progress and accomplishments of the followers of St. Crispin.

The wood-working department, besides the benches and tools for handwork, includes such accessories as the buzz-saw, scroll saw and planing machine.

I cannot recall the furnishings of the room set apart for Art, but the exhibits denoted careful teaching and considerable proficiency. There were also examples of work by the backward blind.

The printing department impressed me as being splendidly equipped. One of my old pupils, Mr. Frederick Baars, is in charge, and upon him devolves the onerous duty of instructing the pupils in the "Art Preservative." Besides the stands and cases of type for hand composition, there is a linotype, a Whitlock Cylinder Press, stitching and perforating machines, paper cutter, and all the et ceteras that go to make a first-class printing plant. Principal Milligan told me it cost altogether \$8,000. I had a peek into Editor Caldwell's sanctum, but the poet and litterateur was absent. In this same building, which cost \$52,500, and has just been erected, there is a splendid gymnasium in which the apparatus has not as yet been installed. Also plunge and shower baths, which are veritably grand in tile and marble.

On another floor is a fine auditorium with a seating capacity of one thousand, and a stage of very liberal dimensions.

Altogether, the Berkeley Institution presents an up-to-date aspect, and has at its head a Principal who is capable and progressive. He is a staunch supporter of the Combined System of Education.

Principal Milligan took me in his Ford car over to the University of California, and later to the train for Oakland. The University of California has a great spread of ground, imposing buildings, and its Greek Theatre, but I like the Berkeley Institution much better.

On Saturday, July 24th, with Henry C. Kohlman as companion and philosophic friend, a motor car was requisitioned, and we made a quick trip to the Cliff House and through Golden Gate Park. The drive was worth many times the money it cost us. From the Cliff House we saw the famous seal rocks, with three seals sleeping placidly upon them. Next we visited the bath houses, which differ so much from what we have seen on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. There are several immense sections, in each of which the temperature of the water differs, so that you can enjoy ocean temperature, warm, warmer, and hot baths, at your pleasure.

We went through Golden Gate Park too fast to enable me to say more than that its beauty is unexcelled. We paused at and inspected the Japanese Tea Garden, a perfect reproduction of Old Japan, with its tea and rice-cake houses, gilded statues of the Saumuri, elliptical bridges, pagodas, etc.

We were taken, at my request, to see Douglas Tilden's statue of Padre Junipero Serra. It is a masterpiece, and looking upon it, one is conscious of the self-eliminating bravery, the benevolence, courage, and religious zeal, of those early missionaries, who carried the cross of Christ through perils and hardships, along the coast of California, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. I saw other great creations in sculpture by Tilden, in Golden Gate Park, and the city of San Francisco. I recall the Donohue Fountain, the Native Sons' Monument, the Ball Player, and the Bear Hunters; and in Los Angeles, in front of the Court House, the heroic statue of Stephen V. White. Tilden's name will shine in history when all the rest of us are long forgotten.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

### Learn To Smile.

There is such a power in a smile—of the right sort, that is to say.

A fixed, and so meaningless, smile is a grin rather than a smile, and is only fit for the face of a waxen doll. There is no soul in it, and not much more life than to the doll.

The smile that the world wants and cannot have too much of is one in which the heart and the mind play a part. The ones who smile do so for a good reason. They wish to add their little bit to the general store of fun and happiness, or to show that they are pleased with something that has been done for them.

It is becoming, too, this real smile. It lends a charm to the plainest of faces. The lips need not form it, for at times the eyes smile all by themselves; at other, both lips and eyes combine.

It is a thing to cultivate—the true smile, and it is not a difficult task to learn. Have the good feeling inside, and it will if allowed, bubble up through eyes and lips into a perfect smile.

A lovely smile is one of the few beauties that we can carry with us right through old age to the very end. It irradiates even the wrinkled and the faded countenance with the immortality of true youth, and it is probably the last grace which Time will take from us.

### STRANGE CHINESE BELIEFS.

Among the many extraordinary customs of the Chinese is that of banding years together in groups of 12, called "cycles," and naming each year of the series after some animal. Thus, the first year of a new cycle is the year of the Rat, the second the year of the Ox, the third the year of the Tiger. Every Chinese born in the year of the Rat belongs to the Order of the Rat, and so on.

The animal class of every Chinese man and woman is thus recorded, and is held to be of great importance in foretelling the future. Another curious fact about the Chinese reckoning of time is that in the Celestial Empire a child is held to be one year old as soon as it is born.

With the absurd superstition so dear to the Oriental mind, a baby boy is frequently given a girl's name in order to deceive the evil spirits, who, apparently, have an objectionable habit of making it as hard as possible to rear a male child successfully.

### CAPE COD.

It will no longer be possible to talk of Cape Cod, the Massachusetts peninsula for it is now an island owing to the completion of the Cape Cod Canal. In 1909 a company was formed for that purpose, which is not only commercial but humane.

Records show that during the last sixty years more than 2,000 vessels have been wrecked in the waters of Cape Cod, and something like 700 lives have been lost. The number of craft which round Cape Cod every year is said to be about 25,000. These vessels carry about 25,000,000 tons of freight. The canal will shorten the route of these vessels and save them many dangers.

The canal runs from Barnstable Bay to Buzzards Bay, is thirteen miles in length, and will cost \$12,000,000. It is a sea-level one, and is being constructed without a tidal lock. As there is some difference of opinion as to the practical working of this type of canal, there is a clause in the franchise obligating the company to build a device for controlling the current, if such should be found necessary after the canal has been in operation for one year.

The canal is 100 feet wide at the bottom and about 800 feet at the surface. Its depth is 25 feet at low tide. The sides are rip-rapped with stone, and a granite breakwater 3,000 feet long protects the Barnstable Bay entrance.

Mr. James M. Stuart, Gallaudet '93, has been made Principal of the School Department of the Michigan school. A hearing lady assists him in supervising the oral department, —Ohio Chronicle.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Things at Gallaudet are now beginning to move along with machine-like precision, as one by one we fall back into the deeply trodden rut of custom and resume the daily routine of college life.

Sunday-afternoon chapel services are generally a bugbear of the average easy-going undergraduate, who having been out most of the previous night, has a deep-rooted desire to take a cozy little snooze while said services are in progress. Judging the matter by quality of some rambling dissertations we have been forced to assimilate in Chapel Hall, it is, perhaps, not saying too much to assert that the drowsy ones have a right to their nap. And yet, the above is not absolutely true of all Chapel Services, nor even of the majority, for while the writer has been in college, he has had the pleasure of watching many a noted speaker mount the chapel rostrum and hold forth upon the great religious forces which have made this world so desirable to live in.

There are some speakers who are bounteously endowed by nature with the ability to express their thoughts in a form best appreciated by their audience, and, with the additional power of retaining their interest. Such may be said of Prof. Drake, of the College Faculty, who, on Sunday, October 3d, inaugurated the Sunday afternoon chapel-services for 1915-16, with one of his characteristically eloquent and forceful discourses.

The purport of Prof. Drake's sermon was the "Hand writing on the Wall." In that grim warning to Belschazzar, he read a warning to all who, though cognizant of wrongs, make no attempt to right them. He said in part that in the life of every man there comes a time when, upon his sensibilities, there is borne the consciousness of being in the wrong—as a hand-writing on the wall of the heart.

The freshies have so recently come into their new inheritance, that it is at times difficult for them to realize that they have been emancipated from the drudgery and toilsome bondage of the "lowly, green-eyed Rat." The following incident is not without its humorous side:

Olinger, '19, while slipping slyly out of the Refectory, came into forcible contact with Smith, one of his classmates. "Hist, Smith," he signed with trembling hands. "The edict has gone out from the uppers that us rats must spend this sizzling afternoon in cleaning-off Garlic-Field. Let's cut for town." And they did!!!

After the most strenuous and persistent efforts in hunting up the names. Some of which would make a student of languages hang himself, your correspondent has relief in announcing the following as members of this year's Preparatory Class:

Misses Bamberg, Ohio; Hodges, Kansas; Hinsley, Texas; Hunter, Utah; Jones, North Carolina; Loucks, Kansas; Myers, Ohio; Conarroe, Ohio; Pusrin, New York; Sawhill, Kansas; Sterek, Pennsylvania; Varley, Texas; Waggoner, Iowa; Wesen, Nebraska; Williams, Mississippi; Wright, Utah.

Messrs. Barnett, Colorado; Billigman, North Dakota; Bower, Ohio; Capps, Texas; Davies, Pennsylvania; DeLance, North Dakota; Grace, Alabama; Hertzmann, Kentucky; Olinger, Colorado; Haley, North Dakota; Netterville, Mississippi; Munger, Illinois; Lind, Wisconsin; Richey, Utah; Schlenker, North Dakota; Valiant, California; Whitworth, California; Wilson, Colorado.

The Normal Class this year consists of:

Misses Cam, D. C.; Deem, Mississippi; Ely, Missouri; Messrs. Fushfeld, New York; McIntyre, Missouri.

People used to say that "every road leads to Rome." Here, it is evident that every road leads to Keeley, '16. (You all know Keeley, he of the original and only red wool in captivity.) The other day, your correspondent bumped into him and after a casual survey, opines that becoming a Senior has not produced any noticeable alteration in his appearance; same old gum; same old slouch; same old stories; same old tricks; same old flirting tactics with the girls; in a word, the same old Keeley of his Rat days. Can you beat it?

### FOOT BALL.

We regret to announce at the beginning of the Foot ball season that, owing to his increasing law practice, Fritz Crafts who has coached the team for the past three years is unable to continue in that capacity. Looking back upon the successes of the Buff and Blue in recent years, it is but meet to say, that it was only through the patient, efficient coaching of Crafts that Gallaudet occupies her present position in the foot ball spotlight. His great abilities were fully appreciated here, and "Fritz" has our heartiest wishes for success in his life-work. As a successor to Crafts, Manager Stegemerten and the undergraduates as a whole feel themselves extremely fortunate in having secured a

man, who, if not possessing Crafts' knowledge of the game, is at least his equal in driving ability. We refer to Wayne Hart, a disciple of Glen Warner's Indian-style of play, and who was one of the greatest linesmen Georgetown ever turned out up there on the hill-top.

Active foot-ball practice was begun on September thirtieth, when thirty-eight highly ambitious youngsters, arrayed in odd parts of last year's uniforms, hid themselves over to Garlic Field and reported to Coach Hart.

For the first few days only the lightest of work was indulged in, most of the time being devoted to falling on the ball, passing, and signal-practice.

On Saturday, October 2d, Gallaudet smothered Technical High-School to the tune of 25 to 0. That, however, was only a practice game, and could hardly furnish reliable dope on the Buff and Blue's form.

This year, Gallaudet's backfield will be the same as last season.

Rendall and Keeley will act as halves and Classen will be at his old place at fullback.

Coach Hart's greatest task will be the building up of a strong forward aggregation. The old line was torn up by the graduation last June of Foltz, Moore, Decker and Butterbaugh. Capable men have already been found for the center and guard positions, but as yet, nobody is in sight able to replace Foltz at end. Rockwell, a wonder full runner and defensive player, is taking Moore's position at quarter, but it is hardly to be expected that he will be able to jump right in and fill the position as cleverly as Moore did after four years' experience. But looking at the matter from all various phases, we would say that Gallaudet's foot-ball outlook this year is extremely bright.

Manager Stegemerten has given out the following schedule for the 1914-15 season.

Oct. 9th—Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.  
16th—Maryland Aggies at College Park, Md.  
23d—Carlisle Indian Reserves at home.  
30th—Roanoke College at Lynchburg, Va.  
Nov. 6th—N. C. A. & M. at Raleigh, N. C.  
13th—Temple University at Phila., Pa.  
20th—Western Md. College at home.

Thanksgiving Day—Catholic University on some local field.

GALLAUDET—O V. M. I.—7

Gallaudet opened her season at Lexington, Va., on October 9th with a defeat at the hands of the powerful Virginia Military Institute aggregation.

As the score indicates, there was nothing whatever of decisive import in the Cadets' victory. As a matter of fact, the game was a toss-up between the two teams, and there was much of the nature of luck in the Virginians' lone score. Gallaudet threatened to score during every period, and though often carrying the ball perilously near V. M. I.'s goal line, could never quite push it over.

Gallaudet has a much stronger line this year than might be imagined, when it is recollected that five linesmen were lost by graduation. The Buff and Blue's forwards held well, and especially at critical moments. The Cadets worked the ball down to Gallaudet's five-yard line on several occasions, but the Buff and Blue line held like a German trench, and they could not gain an inch.

V. M. I.'s single score came in the last quarter with but three minutes left to play. It was the result of a run over right tackle by Pitts. Gray kicked a clean goal, making the tally—V. M. I. 1, Gall. 0.

Fumbling was the bane of both teams, and in this respect, both were about equal offenders. Had Gallaudet played an errorless game, it is extremely probable that we should have taken the long end of the odds. Summary:

GALLAUDET	V. M. I.
Trenke	L. E. Goodman
Martin	P. H. Pitts
Davis	L. G. Griffith
C. Thompson	C. Cullom
Ferguson	R. G. Hefflin
McCusken	R. T. McCormick
Marshall	R. E. Massie
Rockwell	Q. B. Gray
Rendall	L. H. B. Nelms
Keeley	R. H. B. Cole
Classen	F. B. Harris

Substitutions—Gallaudet—Pearl for Marshall; V. M. I.—Mason for Cole. Touchdown—Pitts of V. M. I. Goal—Gray of V. M. I. Referee—Mr. Fee. Umpire—Mr. Smith. Time of Quarters—10 minutes.

H. J. P.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.

Other services and meetings by special appointment.

The deaf cordially invited. Minister's address: 2906 Virginia Avenue.

It is never smart to say unkind things.

## LOS ANGELES

To the deaf Society of Los Angeles, the three days, July 29, 30, 31, were "Red Letter" days, for it was then that the biggest sustained event of entertaining it has ever done was held. In a way, it was nothing so much as a tremendous house-party. We felt it was up to us to uphold our end to give the delegates a good sample of the far-renowned "Los Angeles hospitality," and in order to carry out our ends, we planned for a most ambitious program. In our happiness at having secured the honor of entertaining them, we felt nothing we had was too good for them, for we appreciated, very much, the compliment they were paying us by coming to Los Angeles, when they could very easily have had gone back home by way of Canada.

As the party of fifty delegates from the N. A. D. Convention at San Francisco passed through the portals of our city, the key of the city was given to them, and our first word was "Welcome!" After that we said: "Enjoy yourselves to your limit and we will make merry with you." We found them a host of deaf people of the very best type, which made us feel that the pleasure was all on our part. We found our role of host a veritable path of roses, for they showed such a whole-hearted pleasure at being in Los Angeles that it warmed the cockles of our hearts. We must confess we did await their coming with not a little trepidation, for fear there might be a hitch somewhere in our plans, but to our greatest delight it proved to be a false alarm.

Everything came off on the program as though on greased skids. Why should it be otherwise, when every one of our guests wanted to be treated as a friend, instead of merely as a guest.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to say that every one, without any exception, asked by the General Committee (Simon Himmelschein chairman, Mr. N. M. Cool, Mrs. N. M. Cool, Mrs. Laverna Worstaff, Mrs. A. M. Andrews, Mr. J. O. Harris, Mr. L. A. Fish, Mr. William Cook, Mr. Clarence H. Doane) to assist with its entertainment plans, always showed such a splendid spirit of co-operation and the "all pull together" help, that what seemed to be hard tasks proved to be easy. We all feel we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Sebastian, Mayor of Los Angeles, for when he was asked to welcome the delegates on behalf of the city of Los Angeles, he said he would do it, without one moment hesitation, though it required much pulling of wires, for he had previously made two engagements for that night. This shows he is the Mayor in every sense of the word, so we are proud of him and will vote for him every time he runs for office. He sent a beautiful letter, which I feel I must incorporate in this news letter.

### OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 29, 1915.  
MISS BESSIE REAVES,  
323 West 27th Street,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR MADAM: When I received your communication suggesting that I should have the honor of making a brief welcome address to the delegates of the Biennial Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, I concluded that I must do all in my power to accept this honor, and I wish now to deliver to the delegation this heartfelt message of mine.

I greet you—each and every one of you—in the most fraternal spirit. I am keenly sensitive and appreciative of the splendid work of your convention, and I am persuaded that this world is made sweeter and better for having within it such souls as you are. You may be deficient in some of those things that others can boast of, and perhaps because of this deficiency, you have been inspired to develop your splendid characters to the stage that you now enjoy. Real happiness comes from within; soul development and soul culture. With your hearts and minds attracted by the spirit of the infinite, your visions enlarged you are enabled to hear of the sound that is real and lasting and productive of good, you are not deaf in the truer and more real sense of the word. You hear that which is worth while, the voice of God and all that is good, and I sometimes think that if others of us heard less of the sordid and unpleasant things of life and more of the real and genuine, the world would be sweeter to us all. I extend to you my heartfelt greeting, and wish for you and those of your dear teachers whose lives are consecrated to your happiness, a long and happy life.

Yours very sincerely,  
C. F. SEBASTIAN,  
Mayor.

I know every one of you, after reading this letter, is fully appreciative of the kindness of heart that led him to write us such a beautiful message. He does give us full recognition for our worth.

We are also indebted to Miss Bessie Reaves for her splendid "shoulder to the wheel" assistance, without which we would have been placed at a great disadvantage. There is none in this country, who, we think, can come up to her in the art of interpreting—to wit, repeating in the sign-language, lectures, sermons, etc., given to us by hearing people.

I wish I could give word for word the response Mr. Hodgson gave to the addresses of welcome, for it was a masterpiece. He was in his happiest mood and his famous smile was in evidence everywhere. Those of us who have known him only through his pen in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL were charmed by his kindly and unassuming manner, and by the grace with which he entered into the spirit of the gay function. For us it was at least a

new view of him, and it added immensely to his popularity here. I could go on in the same strain and tell about each one of the delegates, but lack of space forbids it.

I will instead give the names of all I could get: Mr. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Mrs. Weil, Miss Judge, Mrs. Russell, Miss Russell, Mrs. Haight, Mr. Kohlman, Mr. and Mrs. Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Simonson, Mr. Frankenheim, Rev. Mr. Keiser, and Mr. Soper, all of New York City; Mrs. Syle, of Gemantown, Pa.; Rev. Mr. Dantzer, of Philadelphia; Mr. Clayton McLaughlin, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Walter Glover, of Spartanburg, S. C.; Miss Price, of Middleburg, Vt.; Mr. Walter Greene and Mr. George Hobb, both of Dyersburg, Tenn.; Miss Waschkowski, of Des Moines, Iowa; Miss Lettie Wilson, of Belleville, Ill.; Mr. Arthur Roberts, of Olathe, Kan.; Mr. Petrie, of Golden, Col.; Mr. Dudley, of El Paso, Texas; Mr. John O'Rourke, of Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. Wittwer, of Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, of Olathe, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and their son, of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mr. J. Flynn, of Bangor, Me.; Mr. Maldonado, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Chauvelot, both of San Diego, Cal.; Mr. Albert, of Dayton, Ohio; Rev. Dr. Cloud and Miss Herdman, both of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss McDonald, of Fresno, Cal.; Mr. Roller, of Colorado; Mr. Hammond, of Seattle, Wash.; Rev. Mr. Michaels, of Little Rock, Ark.

May they all come back again, for Los Angeles will welcome every one of them, singly or as a body, at any future day.

MRS. MAY COOL.

### Deaf Architects

The United States has four deaf architects and draughtsmen, Thomas S. Marr, of Nashville, Tenn., Olof Hanson, of Seattle, Wash., A. Lincoln Feehheimer, of Boston, and Arthur O. Steidemann, of St. Louis.

Mr. Marr first entered the Tennessee School, but he also attended the Fanwood School. After graduating at Gallaudet College, he took a special course in architecture at the Massachusetts School of Technology for a year. He then began life by working in prominent architect offices in Nashville for six years. The buildings which he has designed and erected are many—built in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, and Arkansas. Among them are high school buildings, churches, railway stations, and commercial buildings, a reformatory for boys, a county hospital, and a bank.

Mr. Hanson is a native of Sweden. Before becoming deaf he attended a public school in Sweden. He entered the Minnesota School and graduated at Gallaudet College.

After three years' study in the office of architects in Minneapolis and Omaha; he made a trip to Europe for professional study.

About ten months were spent in England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. On his return in 1890, he was employed by a firm of architects in Philadelphia, to help in making plans for the new Pennsylvania School at Mt. Airy. He first started in business for himself in Faribault, Minn. Later, he settled in Seattle. He has planned and erected more than fifty residences, five dormitory buildings, and some fifteen stores and business blocks.

Mr. Feehheimer is probably the brightest and most successful graduate of the Clark School (pure oral). On graduating from the Columbia University, N. Y., he entered the famous Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris, where he remained five years. He has been in business several years.

Mr. Steidemann attended the St. Louis Day School. After graduating at Gallaudet College, he entered the Department of Architecture of Washington University, St. Louis, where he graduated. The assistant professor of architecture had an office in the city and offered Mr. Steidemann a position there, which was accepted. Here he remained until the death of the gentleman, since which time he has been steadily employed by another firm of St. Louis.—Wisconsin Times.

The JOURNAL Editor would add to the above Charles Fetscher, a young man who has made his mark in the profession of architecture. He lives in his own home at the outskirts of Brooklyn. He was a pupil at the New York Institution and later at Barnard College.

Mr. Ormond E. Lewis, another New Yorker, is an architectural draughtsman of demonstrated ability. He has done much work on plans of several of New York's skyscrapers.

### Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

### AUTUMN, 1915.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P.M.  
Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, third Sundays of the month, at 7 P.M.  
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays of the month, at 11 A.M.  
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 8 P.M.  
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass. by appointment.  
Address: Y. M. C.A. Hartford, Ct.



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Entertainment Committee of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League has got busy, and the result is a schedule of coming entertainments, among which will be a pinochle elimination contest, which took place on Tuesday evening, October 12th, among members of the club. Mr. Max Miller won first prize and Mr. H. Muller second prize. More of these contests will come off later. The public entertainments will be announced soon, which of course will be for valuable prizes. The League is constantly growing. Three new applicants for membership will be voted upon at its next meeting. The nomination for officers for the year 1916, will occur on the 28th inst., but so far we have not heard of many aspirations for the presidency or any other office.

Walter Pfeiffer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, who is now attending the Law School at Columbia University, after having concluded the required three year academic course at the college, has been elected to the presidency of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletics of America, at a meeting recently held at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Mr. Walter Pfeiffer is also manager of the Yarsity Track Team of Columbia University, having been elected to the office last Spring for the year 1915-1916.

The entertainment committee of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf begs to announce that it has engaged a hall at the Park and Tilford Building, at 126th St. and Lenox Ave., for Saturday evening, October 16, for a Paper Costume Fete. Tickets are 35 cents a person including refreshments, wardrobe check and prizes to the winners. Bring along your costume, made of paper. You can make a dress, or a suit, or anything of paper fit for wearing in whatever styles of colors you may like. Try your luck. The affair is bound to be most enjoyable.

Members of the Kne and Pach households, on Washington Heights, conspired to give Sol Rosenthal a memorable farewell on his last night in New York. He sailed Saturday, October 9th, on the American liner, New York, for Manchester, England, to attend to several business matters that may keep him in England for some months.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes will have a Halloween Party at St. Mark's Chapel, on Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, October 28th, 1915. Admission, twenty-five cents, including refreshments.

Mrs. Hannah Vetterlein has returned to this city after seven weeks pleasantly spent on the farm of her brother, Julius Wollmann, in Long Island.

Mr. Moses Heyman, who has been confined to his bed for a month, with pleurisy, is on the mend. He was able to take a short walk outdoors, on Tuesday last.

The best throw any man can make with the dice is to throw them away.

## CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

### NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M. Holy Communion, October 24th.

Oct. 17th—Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

Oct. 24th—Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.

Oct. 31st—St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

### Sleep.

Most people sleep on their sides, with the knees drawn up.

Elephants always, and horses commonly, sleep standing up.

Birds, with the exception of owls and the hanging parrots of India, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back and the beak thrust among the feathers between the wing and body.

Storks, gulls, and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting shoreward, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together.

Hares, snakes and fish sleep with their eyes wide open.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have a screen which they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the daytime.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

October 9, 1915.—The Board of Managers of the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf held its annual meeting last evening, in the office of the Superintendent of the School for Deaf. The purpose of the meeting was for the receiving of the annual reports of the officers.

Of the eighteen members composing the present Board, the following were present: Superintendent J. W. Jones, Rev. W. S. Eagleson, Mr. Carl Wilson, and Messrs. Robert Patterson, R. P. McGregor, A. H. Schory, A. B. Greener, C. W. Charles, Wm. H. Zorn, A. W. Ohlemacher, S. W. Corbett, L. J. Bacheberle, J. B. Showalter and Rev. Geo. F. Flick.

The non-resident members in attendance were Messrs. Corbett, Bacheberle and Rev. Flick.

After being called to order by President Patterson, the minutes of the last meeting were approved.

The reports of the Secretary, Superintendent of the Home and Treasurer were read and accepted. We shall give a review of them in our next letter.

Mr. Schory read a list of improvements made at the Home the past few years under the direction of Superintendent Chapman in the construction of cement walks, foundations for the light plant and floor of the room in which the engines are housed, and other work. He commended his zeal, industry and interest in behalf of the Home, and moved a vote of thanks be extended to him, which was unanimously given.

Later, after he had left for home the Board showed its appreciation of the services of the Superintendent and matron of the Home by adding an increase of ten dollars a month to their salary, to begin with September 1st, 1915.

It was decided to make the annual inspection of the Home next day, to-day and Saturday.

The following persons made up the visit to the Home Superintendent Jones, Rev. W. S. Eagleson, Dr. Paterson, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Annie Byers, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, Rev. Geo. W. Flick, Miss May Greener, Messrs. Bacheberle, Schory, Zorn, Ohlemacher, Showalter, Charles, Corbett and Greener. Superintendent Chapman met the party at the end of the car line and conveyed it to the Home in horse vehicles.

The grounds never looked better than they did on the occasion, having been improved the past spring. Flower beds laid out and filled up with plants, which were yet in bloom despite the recent cold snap, and especially of to-day. Even the vegetable garden at its edge showed blooming dahlias. The garden showed an abundance of vegetables. The old school building standing south of the Home grounds near the road has been moved to the west side of the barnyard, and placed upon a good foundation, and repaired where needed. It will do good service housing the farm machinery. The cow stalls have been extended in the barn by using what was formerly the carriage shed for the purpose. The live stock, cows, heifers, horses, hogs looked especially fine. In the afternoon the cattle were allowed to graze on the lawn to allow the lady members of the party to get a view of them.

The electric light plant, of course, was an object of interest and came in for a good share of praise.

The only thing that failed to receive the commendation was the Cottage for men, but it is hoped the time is not far away when it will give way to a new one of modern conveniences. The Alumni should put their shoulders to the wheel with a vim and secure the needed amount for the erection of a new building. There were improvements made in the main building during the summer. A number of the rooms and halls had the old wall paper removed and in its stead the wall covered with washable paint, thus rendering them more sanitary. The color is light buff.

The call to dinner was aptly responded to by the party, for the bracing country air had whetted the appetites of all. Rev. Flick offered the blessing and then every one fell to and did justice to the splendid spread the matron, Mrs. Chapman, had prepared. It was a strictly Home-grown feast, barring the seasoning and coffee. What is more, the residents of the Home farmed the same, having the same bill of fare.

Mrs. Chapman is something of an artist, for at the plate of each guest was laid a two leaf cardlet. The outside of one bore the following:

The Board and Wives of Home for Deaf October 9, 1915.

### THE BOARD MEET.

After dinner the visitors and "residents" conversed together, and the latter indeed enjoyed the company. About three o'clock the visi-

tors were taken back to the car line all expressing themselves well pleased with the condition of the Home, its management under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, for they certainly have the welfare of those under their charge at heart, and do all they can to give them a real home.

Mr. Louis J. Bacheberle has cause to feel proud in the pair of cuff buttons he is wearing, at the same time, it goes to show that steadiness, punctuality, and showing interest in one's employer, does not go unrewarded.

Recently he completed twenty-five years of continuous employment with the firm of Kemper Thomas & Company, printers of calendars and novelty books. The president of the firm hearing of the fact wrote him an appreciative letter commending his services, and backed it up by presenting him a pair of gold cuff buttons of an unique design.

There has recently been hung in the center hall of the main building a large picture-frame containing nineteen views of the various groups taking part in the lawn pageant given last June. The title of the play was "Uncle Sam Gives a Fete Day to his Children."

The second Football Team last Saturday contested with the Maroons, of this city, and came out ahead, 7 to 0.

Thursday the First Team played the Commercial High School, and downed them 32 to 0.

This afternoon the First Team goes up to Westerville to play the Otterbein team.

Last Sunday Mrs. Annie Callison and Miss Iona Dix gave an interesting Bible talk to the residents of the Home, which they much appreciated.

The total attendance at the school now lacks two of being five hundred. Fifty-three are new pupils, of whom twenty-eight are boys and twenty-five girls.

Cary T. Miford, of West Virginia, has come to this city and is employed at the Kossman Clothes Cleaning Establishment.

The Sunday visitors were: Herbert Hagdorn, of Cincinnati; Roy Bing, of Indianapolis; John Black, of Youngstown; and John Bostwick, of Pataskala.

The Ohio additions to Gallaudet College this year are Misses Grace Conarroe, Eva Bamberg, Veda Myers and Lloyd Bowers. The older members are Miss Rumsey, Norbert Pilliod and John Wondrack.

The pupils will not be wanting for peach butter, the coming winter. A visit to the kitchen, the other day, gave evidence that the housekeeper, Mrs. Moore, was very busy putting up the article, for there were crocks and crocks full of it on tables ready to put away. The peach crop this year, around here and elsewhere, must have been immense, judging from the profusion on the markets. A. B. G.

## Deaf Sisters Bind Intruder

Although their ages range from fifty to seventy five years, the three Walling sisters, who live in New Monmouth, N. J., to-day are congratulated by their neighbors over the bravery they displayed in the capture of a burglar who ventured into their home. As a result of his efforts, the intruder almost lost his life, one of the women firing a shotgun at him, afterwards binding him with a clothes-line. In default of bail the man, who gave the name of Clarence Melis, was committed to the county jail at Freehold.

One of the sisters was awakened by the noise made by the intruder. The woman ran to the room occupied by her sister Nettie, who protected herself with a shotgun. Together the women, who are deaf, advanced toward the burglar, who was found at the top of the stairway. "Don't you move an inch," commanded Nettie in a shrill voice.

The burglar obeyed. Whispering to her sisters that she would hold him at bay while they tried to get hold, Nettie told them to get some clothes on. A few minutes after they left her Miss Nettie saw the burglar move just a few inches, she became excited and the shotgun was fired accidentally. Passing within a foot of Melis's head, the charge of shot crashed through a window in the hall. It was a lucky shot for Melis, lucky also for the Walling sisters, because it aroused neighbors, who came to their assistance.

The neighbors broke in the front door, rushed upstairs and found Melis a prisoner, covered with an empty shotgun and surrounded by the three sisters.

"Investigation showed that he got in by breaking a window glass," was Miss Nettie's only comment on the episode as she left court.

## Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

Rev. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.

Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL. The minister makes a specialty of reading and lecturing for Social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States. Address: Keedysville, Md.

In this age living within one's means is termed existence.

## PITTSBURGH

A short time ago it was reported that Mr. Michael Kornblum sojourned briefly at a local hospital for repairs anatomically. It did not take long for me to learn he has gone to Boston to claim a bride, hence he is to be doubly congratulated.

It was also reported lately that Mr. Edward Danahey, owing to slack work in the portrait business, was scouting for a job over the Pennsylvania-Ohio line, and we have just been informed he had secured a position at the Rubber Works in Akron.

Mr. James McDowell has also landed a job in Akron, and will move there at once. It seems quite a few Pittsburghers have been attracted to the Ohio side of the line. That is all right, of course; work any place is preferable to idleness. We bespeak our boys abundant success.

Mr. Hebert Dauver is the latest addition to our squad at the Swissvale works. He is now learning bow shells and ordnance for the European conflict are turned out, and apparently is lending a willing hand in the work.

The Pittsburgh Branch of G. C. A. A. held a business meeting at the school and decided to arrange for a literary meeting some time in November, to give the usual donation to the Edward Miner Gallaudet Fund and to have a dinner on the birthday of Gallaudet. This was the gist from a large amount of gridding. Their literary meetings are always interesting. It cannot be otherwise now with Mrs. Holliday to arrange the program.

At the meeting Miss Marshall announced she was going back to her mother soon. She had given up her position, but would remain, as guest, with the Hollidays a short time, before inflicting the pangs of parting upon her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. V. Long, of Youngstown, came down to call on their old friends in Wilkinsburg and apparently enjoyed the visit. It was all too short, however, as they were forced to leave early. Mr. Long's business will not allow him to take much of a lay-off. Mr. Long is an active member of his burg's fire brigade and treasurer of a Sunday School for hearing people. This he attends to regularly and collects and dispenses all moneys belonging to it.

The Social League rooms on Fourth Avenue, near Market, have taken on a fresh coat of appearance that pleases both members and their friends. A liberal supply of paint and elbow grease turned the trick, and Mr. V. Dunn was chiefly responsible job in the execution. The League is still flourishing and making things pleasant for those interested in it.

The P. S. A. D. Branch held a meeting October 9th. It was fairly well attended, and as it was donation day for the Home, a collection was taken up and netted something over eighteen dollars with promises for further contributions later. Mrs. George L. Holliday made a donation of ten dollars to Home, which, as a matter of course, was very much appreciated.

The greater part of the time of the meeting was taken up by story telling, and among those who took part were: Miss D. H. Marshall, Mr. Holliday, Rev. Allabough and others of like caliber, so that all were abundantly entertained.

Rev. Mr. Allabough preached Sunday forenoon and evening at Trinity Church and in the afternoon at Greensburg.

In a former letter, we noted the illness of Mr. E. Roessler, of Edgewood. He has improved and is back at his business, with all his former vim, but now it is announced that Mrs. Roessler's mother passed to the beyond on the 9th, after a lingering illness. Mr. and Mrs. Roessler have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

We also learn that Mr. Wm. Shull's mother passed away on Friday, October 8th, resultant of cancer of the stomach.

Miss Keziah Rheam, of South Fork, has decided it is more agreeable to live in the city or in the suburbs, and accepted work in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Havens, Elmer Haven's parents, with whom he and his children now reside.

This doubtless is a congenial position for Miss Rheam, at least for the time being.

Mr. Royal Durian, who left Pittsburgh some time ago to take a job at Alliance, Ohio, was visiting his old haunts last week. This included his old employer, Mr. Rolshouse. Doubtless he and Mrs. Durian are enjoying their visit with old friends for they were popular when they made the old town their home.

## Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Rev. J. A. Brannfleek Assistant, 2704 Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

## CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to S. H. Howard, 1400 East 57th Street Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Cloud kindly entertained us at the Parish House, under the auspices of the Sunday Evening Club, October 3d, with the story of his trip to California and a description of the doings of the convention and the witty sayings of the tourists, which interested and amused us very much. He spoke of the wonderful work of Tilden, and considers him to be the most skillful and successful deaf sculptor that the world has ever produced, because Mr. Tilden is in receipt of more orders than he can possibly fill.

Rev. Flick's idea that a Sunday Evening Club be started, and refreshments be served to all who wish to stay in the Parish House after the service is over, by reason of their homes being so far, is very acceptable to the members. The membership is free to all, but the warm refreshments are sold at very reasonable prices.

Monday evening, Mrs. Frank P. Gibson, the wife of the Grand Secretary of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, returned home from her walk with her son, and suddenly turned on the electric lights in her dark parlor upon hearing some little voices, but laughed when she beheld a merry crowd of her old friends seated all around, waiting. She then saw that they had come to do an honor to her on her birthday, so she shook us by the hand warmly. We played several new and amusing games until midnight. The superlative ice-cream and delicious cakes from Kingdon's candy store tickled our palate rapturously.

Miss Chrystal deserves good credit for carrying out her plans successfully to make her devoted friend happy.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Brimble followed Miss Chrystal's example, by giving a big surprise party to Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Kingdon at the Parish House, on their thirtieth wedding anniversary. Rev. Flick mounted the platform and called the surprised couple to him, and in presenting a purse to them, he suggested to them to buy what they liked best, and remarked that their wedding being a "Pearl" one, they might as well consider us all to be "Pearls" to them in warm friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingdon accepted the gift with blushes and thanks. Various games were in full blast until Mrs. Brimble and Mrs. O'Neil called us into the dining room at about 11 o'clock and told us to help ourselves to sandwiches, fruit, nuts and candies, etc., which were on a long table. Coffee and ice cream were of course served.

Miss Jesse Beardsley, who had arrived from California in time to attend both of the parties, went home Friday night to South Dakota, declaring she had never enjoyed her flying trips and visits here so much before.

Mrs. Brimble started for St. Louis Friday morning, to be with her married son for a couple of weeks or so.

Mrs. E. C. Sharpnack sent out invitations to her own old friends to come out to her residence and help her celebrate the fifth wedding anniversary of herself and Charles in a happy way. The guests reported a splendid time.

It is exceedingly regretted that Mrs. Hasenstab's broken shoulder still causes her more or less pain every day. We all wish her a most speedy recovery.

## Schenectady.

Mr. Joseph Getting, who is advanced in age, has secured a good easy job as inspector on the canal at Waterford, N. Y.

Miss Johanna Kneflly has returned to her home in Rotterdam, N.Y., after spending two months with her married sister.

Miss Elizabeth Harrington, of New York City, paid a visit of a week to her chum, Mrs. George Gilboe, some time ago.

Last month Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, of Schenectady, N. Y., spent a few pleasant days in Dalton and Pittsfield, Mass., visiting Mr. Simeon and Mrs. Small.

Thure Carlmau, who has been obliged to remain home on account of sickness, is now much improved, and hope is expressed he will be all right soon.

Several young boys and girls, who formerly attended the School for the Deaf in Albany, N. Y., are residents of Schenectady, N. Y.

James Whitbeck is employed as a pattern maker in the Schenectady General Electric Company, where thirteen thousand have gone on strike for an eight-hour work day.

At the Hartford Hospital in Hartford, Ct., on September 28th, 1915, a daughter, Isabel Gertrude, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Meacham, of Middlesex, Vermont. Mrs. Meacham was Miss May Munger of Hartford.

## St. Louis Briefs.

Mr. Henry Stumpe, Jr., has embarked in the coffee and tea business and reports encouraging success for a beginner. Place your tea and coffee orders with him and he will do the rest to your entire satisfaction.

Mr. Ross V. Mohr, of Ohio, a former student at Gallaudet College, is taking a course of Photo-Engraving at the Bissel College at Eeffingham, Ill. He expects to visit St. Louis once in a while.

Mr. Martin, Principal of the colored Department of the Arkansas School for the Deaf, was a recent visitor in the city, the guest of a son. He happened around just in time for the Frat Social at the residence of Brother Lynch.

The wedding of Miss Mary Kendall Cloud, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Cloud, to Mr. George Morritt Flint, an insurance man of St. Louis, is announced to take place at Christ Church Cathedral, on the evening of Thursday, October 21st.

Misses Baggerman and Hocken-smith, teachers in the Oklahoma School for the Deaf, at Sulphur, were visitors at Gallaudet School, on their way to Sulphur. Miss Jennie Susman, of this city, has accepted appointment to a position at the Sulphur Institution.

Mr. M. W. Nelson has located in St. Louis, and if business proves to be good, will stay here. He hails from Memphis, and is a dealer in electrical supplies. He says his hearing became impaired when he was eighteen. He has never attended a school for the deaf. He is mixing with the local deaf to some extent—and, of course, picking up the sign-language.

The October Social at St. Thomas Mission, the first of the season, was largely attended, especially by the young element, and much enjoyed by all present. Messrs. Louis Moegle, George Roeder, Clarence Spiegl, Roy Lynch, Gussie Bremer and Joseph Weber, had charge of the initial social and will take turns in providing the programs for future socials. The next social will be on November 5th, with Messrs. Roeder and Moegle as leaders.

Contributors to the McKee Memorial Tablet Fund have been advised that the tablet will be unveiled at the State School for the Deaf at Fulton, on the afternoon of October 15th. Lieutenant Governor Painter of the Board, former pupils of the school, and citizens of Fulton, will make addresses.

The tablet is a memorial to the late Noble B. McKee, who was Superintendent of the School for about seventeen years. He died four years ago. The tablet will occupy a permanent and conspicuous place at the Missouri School.

L. A. Palmer, prominent in the local mute colony, reported that he was fortunate enough to place his hand on the Liberty Bell before it was roped off at the Pennsylvania building at the exposition. He says the bell is about three inches thick, and that when he touched it he was thrilled with the thought that he is an American, free-born and under the rule of neither kings nor unjust laws. He declares that the bell is the most interesting thing at the exposition.—The Porterville (Cal.) Recorder.

## St. Andrew's Mission for the Deaf.

Trinity Church, "Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister-in-charge Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. S. Tufts, Layreaders.

OCTOBER, 1915.

17—Boston, 11 A.M. Havenhill, Trinity Church, 3 P.M.

22—Everett, Mass., New England Home for Deaf-Mutes, 3 P.M.

24—Boston, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Worcester, All Saints, Irving Street, corner of Pleasant Street, 3:15 P.M.

Providence, R. I., Grace Church, 3 P.M.

31—Boston, 11 A.M. Milford, Mass., Trinity Church, 8:15 P.M.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, of Hartford, Ct., will administer the blessed sacraments and conduct services at Boston, Providence, and Milford, the 24th and 31st.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary.

58 Sagamore Avenue, West Medford, Mass.

## Southern Diocese.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary. 2015 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

## PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:15 P.M. Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Holy Trinity, 3d and C. Streets, N. W. Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M. Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M. Miss Robina Tillingshast, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 3 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gaine Streets, Rev. H. L. Tracy, Assistant. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

## Fall Time.

Fall time in Georgia Comes but once a year; Ketch the possum by the tail, Or ketch him by the ear!

But ketch him! O ketch him! An' crosst the griddle stretch him! Be certain that you fetch him, For it's only once a year!

Fall time in Georgia, Speakers on the stump! Ketch the rabbit by the tail, Or ketch him on the jump!

But ketch him! O ketch him! An' crosst the griddle stretch him! Be certain that you fetch him, For it's only once a year!

Fall time in Georgia, Hear the partridge call! When the hound dogs bay the buck, Just ketch him—horns and all!

But ketch him! O ketch him! An' on the hickory stretch him! Be certain that you fetch him— For it's only once a year!

—Atlanta Constitution.

## Proverbs and Things.

Don't kick a man when he is down. A lift will be much better. You must pay the price of victory if you expect to win.

You will come nearer winning if you have only one definite purpose, one goal, and work toward that.

Have a mind of your own. Don't sit on the fence. Get on one side or the other.

Burn your bridges behind you. Don't try to go back. It's the man who goes forward that succeeds.

No matter how bad the past has been for you, you can not change it now. Let it go and move forward determined to make the future better.



## FANWOOD.

F. L. A.

The first direct step of the F. L. A. was made by Dr. Fox last Saturday evening, with a lecture on "The Constitution of New York." Taken from a previous view-point the theme was not promising, but the aftermath found it quite otherwise. With examples supplied from our own vicinity, he triumphed in his effort to portray the meaning of a constitution. The Constitution is the foundation upon which is based all law for the government of the people.

The amended constitution that has been proposed, was the main motive through out the lecture. Then in a methodical manner he treated the State's government as being the United States Government in miniature. If the President has the power to select his Cabinet, why cannot a Governor? This would heal the ill that so often occurs from being compelled to vote for a Governor, notwithstanding the fact that the man behind him may be unqualified. The Massachusetts Short Ballot has proved to be of the utmost practicability. In that State they vote for a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and a Mayor. To these men are left the choice of assistants.

One amendment of the proposed Constitution is seeking to relieve the State of the necessity of supporting schools. It would thrust this responsibility upon the vicinities. Such a law, if passed, would directly affect various institutions, and perhaps would shake them off their foundations unless the vicinity yields.

No law that balks man from "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness," can long survive in our country. Such laws may be passed, but when submitted to the judiciary, will be repealed.

Not failing to be compact, it triumphed in covering the farthest bounds of the subject.

At the Sunday afternoon chapel service, Dr. Charles A. Leale, Chairman of the Instruction Committee of the Board of Directors, honored us with his presence and a cheerful address of greeting. He spoke of the ensuing year and of the pleasures that he hoped would be ours in resuming new studies. Interests always develop in earnest work. Principal Currier and Prof. Bjorlee were present, the latter preaching the sermon of the day, using St. Luke 12:28, for his text.

Colonel Currier reviewed the battalion Sunday during the afternoon dress parade. He was pleased with the good showing.

The annual monthly meeting of the Protean Society was held in the officers' club-room, Thursday evening. At the conference the election of five probationers was decided. The fortunate officers this year were: Cadet Lieutenants Sandy J. Guina and August Herdtfelder; Cadet Band Sergeant Michael Ciavolino; Cadet Corporals Jack Eberhardt and John Livingston. The year's term is looked forward to with confidence for a successful and prosperous year.

Cadet captain Gruet is the recipient of three highly prized drawings by the late Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, presented him by Mrs. Enoch Henry Currier for the interest he has shown for Mr. Smith's works.

Cadet Sergeant Ciavolino is showing his art tastes by bringing a group of his favorite home pictures to embellish the walls of the Cadet Officers' quarters. He has used excellent judgment, but is not quite equal to the genius of that of Cadet Gruet.

On Tuesday, October 5th, Miss Helen Hill, Inspector of the State Board of Charities, Albany, N. Y., made her customary visit of inspection. The Oral exercises and class-room routine interested her more than anything else. She expressed approval of certain changes for the better made during the year. She was the guest of the Principal.

The five new probationers elected by the Protean Society are daily on the jump with the endless flow of orders coming from the cadet captains on duty.

We are glad to announce that Cadet Captain Burke was formally discharged from the hospital care last Sunday. He has been suffering from severe ear pains, but is now much like his former self.

### BASE-BALL

Base-ball anticipations had a streak of the blues Saturday afternoon, but it wasn't our fault. The diamond warriors of the gold and blue were in fairly good form and presented the usual strong line-up. The contest was between Fanwood and the St. Rose Base-Ball Club, a hearing nine of the Heights. Though our regulars were easily masters of the game, it ended a disappointing failure in the seventh inning. Varying from the laws of base-ball ordinances a St. Rose player made a foul play, which was justly reprimanded by the umpires in charge. This was the cause of a somewhat lengthy argument between the players, and the disagreement became so hotly waged that the game was called, with the score seven to three in our favor.

The cadet body and other fans had looked forward with enthusiasm to see the old cheer given with the victorious yell, but the luck was freely termed "rotten."

Manager Margraf, busy in center field, scored two good hits off bat in the course of the first half. Altenderfer, busy on second, dropped two nice throws and with his usual vim looked foolish. Siegel made himself mighty useful as back-stop, giving admirable service by sending eleven of the hearing boys trooping to the bench. Ciavolino held the lid down good while on mound duty, sparing only four hits. The general all-around exercising had a fair showing, and coupled with the chilly weather we can say with credit that nothing has been lost in the old time form. There are still games booked for the coming week-ends.

### Saturdays results:—

St. Rose	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dee, c.	3	1	0	3	3	1
Simpson, 2b.	3	1	0	2	1	0
Klett, ss.	2	0	1	1	3	1
Hickey, 1b.	3	0	0	3	0	1
Hay, 2b.	3	0	0	5	1	0
Kirton, ss.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Elmsel, 1b.	1	0	0	1	1	1
Fordam, 1b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Beatty, c.f.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Dwyer, p.	3	2	1	2	0	0
Total	24	3	4	18	11	4

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Schnapp, 1b.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Margraf, c.f.	4	1	2	0	0	2
Altenderfer, 2b.	2	2	1	2	0	0
Siegel, c.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Lux, 1b.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Guina, 2b.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Cohen, r.f.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Ciavolino, p.	3	1	0	0	2	0
Rader, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	23	7	7	20	5	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Rose	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
FANWOOD	0	0	0	2	3	2	x	7	

Summaries:—Earned runs—St. Rose, 3; Fanwood, 6. Left on bases—St. Rose, 5; Fanwood, 6. Two base hits—Margraf, Siegel, Cohen, Dwyer. Sacrifice hits—Klett, Stolen base—Margraf. Double play—Elmsel to Hay. Bases on balls—off Dwyer, 6; off Ciavolino, 3; off Rader, 1. Struck out—by Dwyer, 3; by Ciavolino, 10. Hits—off Ciavolino, 4 in 6½ innings; off Rader, 0 in ½ inning. Umpires—Messrs. Banks and Stokely. Time of game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes. Scorer—G. Sherman.

The following clipping refers to Mr. James H. Quinn, now in the employ of the Minnesota State School:

### MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

As we announced in the *Companion* last spring, the authorities of the school decided to put the boys in uniform and introduce a form of military discipline. This is now an accomplished fact. The uniform adopted is of olive drab color, substantial in make and neat in appearance. Most of the boys now wear it and the rest are waiting for their uniforms. Mr. James H. Quinn, a graduate of the Fanwood School, Class of 1912, has been appointed drill master. He has taken hold of the work with a spirit which is winning commendation from the other officials of the school. It will take time to bring the boys to proper military form, but we can already notice marked improvement in the bearing of the boys, especially the older ones. They seem to take pride in their uniforms and try to carry themselves more like soldiers. We hope, as time passes, to see marked improvement in the personnel and behavior of the boys. No guns will be provided at present, but they may come later on.—*Minnesota Companion*.

### ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. C. O. DANTZLER, Pastor, 2525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 8:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

### CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sundays of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of

REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

### Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

### Christopher Columbus.

Christopher Columbus was an Italian sailor and lived in Portugal. He was born in Genoa, a famous seaport of Italy.

When he was a boy, he used to go out on the wharves and watch the vessels coming and going. He was a very happy boy at this time.

His father was a wool comber and he did not want Columbus to help him. He wanted him to learn about the seas.

Columbus wanted to be a sailor, and his father said that he must first learn about the waves and tides.

Soon he was sent to school, he studied very hard; and his teacher was very much interested in him. This made him very happy.

When he was 14 years old he became a sailor.

When he was a man he went to the Madeira Islands to study the ocean, and then he went to Portugal and drew maps.

Columbus was a wise and brave man.

He had been to school and studied about the world.

He wanted to see the country of gold and spices, and he went so far around Africa as the captain dare go. But he made his own voyage for India when he was a man.

The Queen of Spain was pleased to give him help when he asked.

Three ships were made ready.

Two of them, the Nina and the Pinta, were small. The other, the Santa Maria, was larger and had decks.

One midsummer morning the little fleet sailed away from the harbor of Palos and the sailors expected they would never return.

Columbus stood on the deck of the Santa Maria to watch for signs of land. The sailors begged to go back, and they got angry at their commander, but Columbus would not give up. The next morning they saw signs of land and soon they found a branch from a tree floating in the water. They landed and thanked God for bringing them in safety over the dreaded sea.

Columbus called the island "San Salvador." He thought this was an island of India.

Copper-colored people came and looked at the strangers. Columbus called them Indians. These Indians thought these people came down from the sky to bless the earth.

Soon Columbus went back to Spain and the Queen and King sent for him.

The second voyage was a pleasant one.

Seventeen ships, with fifty hundred men, left Palos again, and they discovered the lesser Antilles. The third voyage was a disappointment.

Columbus' men were in trouble and blamed Columbus. On the fourth voyage Columbus discovered Haiti, and the King of Spain sent out a man as governor, and he caused Columbus to be arrested and sent back to Spain in iron fetters. The people were ashamed and the Queen had the fetters taken off at once.

He died on May 20th, 1506, and was buried in a beautiful tomb at Seville, Spain.—*Exc.*

### Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

(1825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Western Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7:45 P.M. every Thursday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, Ohio. Messrs. C. W. Charles and A. H. Schory, Lay Readers. Services, 10:30 A.M. every Sunday.

St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Cathedral, cor. 7th and Fifth Streets, Cincinnati. Mr. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services, 8 P.M., fourth Sunday of the month. Mr. Charles comes when Rev. Mr. Allabough goes to Columbus.

St. Clement's Mission, Dayton, Christ Episcopal Church, Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice.

Calvary Mission, All Saints' Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, O. Mr. Wm. Cooper, Lay Reader. Services, 2:30 P.M., third Sunday of the month.

Ephphatha Mission, St. John's Episcopal Church, Woodward Avenue and High Street, Detroit, Mich. Mr. H. B. Waters, Lay Reader. Services, 7:30 P.M. every Sunday, except when Rev. Mr. Allabough comes by appointment.

Ascension and St. Bede Missions, Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids respectively. Mr. M. M. Taylor, Lay Reader. Services by appointment.

All Souls' Mission, Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky. Mr. John H. Mueller, Lay Reader. Services and Bible Class alternately every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.

St. Agnes' Mission, Grace Episcopal Church, Bolivar Road and Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, O. Mr. Wm. F. Durian, Lay Reader. Rev. Mr. Allabough visits this Mission regularly the first Sunday of each month, unless otherwise arranged. (10:45 P.M. Holy Communion and 3 P.M.)

OCTOBER

17—Detroit, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 2:30 P.M.

Ann Arbor, 7:30 P.M.

18—Brighton, Mich. (Pastoral Call).

23—Piqua, 7:30 P.M.

24—Columbus 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 7:30 P.M.

25—St. Louis, 7:45 P.M.

26—East Liverpool, 7:45 P.M.

30—Syracuse, N. Y.

### LAY-READERS

17—Akron, O., 2:30 P.M., by Mr. Wm. F. Durian.

Ypsilanti, Mich., 2:30 P.M., by Mr. H. B. Waters.

24—Dayton, 10:30 A.M., by Rev. C. W. Charles.

Cincinnati, 3:15 P.M., by Rev. Mr. Charles.

Youngstown, 2:30 P.M., by Mr. Durian.

31—Canton, 2:30 P.M., by Mr. Durian.

### The Lesson of Edison's Latest Invention.

Thomas A. Edison's latest achievement is the perfecting of the telegraph, a combination of the telephone and telegraph, a long-distance dictating machine which records conversations over 1,000 miles or more. In June, 1878, Edison predicted such a machine, and he had been working on it ever since—thirty-seven years. The world proclaims Edison a genius. He says he is a worker.

Alexander Hamilton said: "All the genius I know is hard work."

Buffon defined genius as "patience."

Leonardo DaVinci, perhaps the most universal genius the world has ever known, worked from daylight till sunset.

Raphael died at thirty-seven. He left 257 pictures and more than 500 drawings.

Millaus said: "I work harder than any plowman."

Sir Joshua Reynolds said: "I labor as hard as a mechanic working for this daily bread."

Titian's Last Supper was seven years in hand.

Darwin spent forty years inquiring into the action of the earth worm in the formation of the mold.

Goldsmith spent seven years on The Deserted Village and thought four lines a day good work.

Tom Moore would keep a poem by his side for a whole day, working on a single word, and he thought ten lines a week good work.

Bryant wrote Thanatopsis one hundred times.

Butler spent twenty years on his Analogy, while Gibbon spent the same number of years on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Adam Smith spent seventeen years on the Wealth of Nations, Hume, thirteen years on his History of England, Webster, thirty-six years on his dictionary, and Bancroft, twenty-six years on his History of the United States.

William Herschell, the astronomer, worked sixteen hours a day.

Humboldt put in twelve years digesting and systematizing the knowledge of the facts which he had so laboriously collected for his Cosmos.

Goethe wrote down every thought that struck him.

Pope got up in the night to make a note of every idea that came to him.

Daniel Webster declared to a friend, "I have worked on an average of more than twelve hours a day for forty years."

Sir Isaac Newton, asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, modestly answered: "I keep the subject continually before me and wait till the first dawns open slowly little by little, into a full clear light."

Jenner worked twenty-three years on his vaccination treatise of seventy pages giving details of twenty-three successful cases.

Beethoven's favorite maxim was: "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry 'Thus far and no farther.'"

Bayle said of Meyerbeer: "He had some talent, but no genius. He lived solitary working fifteen hours a day at music." Years passed and work brought out his genius. His operas are among the greatest of modern times.

When Lyman Beecher was asked how long it took him to prepare his greatest sermon on "The Government of God," he replied "Forty years."

Charles Dickens said: "Whatever I have invented with it, never would have served me as it has but for my daily habit of toiling, drudging, attending."

Asked to read from his writings in public he gave as the excuse that he had not had time, as it was his habit to read a piece every day for six months before appearing in public.

Industry is the price of excellence in everything.

The world's greatest men have been the least believers in the power of genius. They were as patiently persevering as the successful man of a commoner sort.

Little labor, little gains.

Prosperity is according to your pains.—*Exchange*.

### Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf held every Friday evening, at 8:45 P.M., at the Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue. Doors open at 8 P.M.

Religious services of the Brooklyn Branch of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at 8:15 P.M., at Temple Shari Zedels, on Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant Avenues, Brooklyn.

ALBERT J. AMATEAU, Minister.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelists to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls. Address all mail to

Box 95, FORT SMITH, ARK.

## ENTERTAINMENT AND CHARITY BAL

OF

## The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

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Capital stock \$4,426,000. Continuous dividends ranging from 5% to 6% per year have been paid since 1900; present rate 6%.

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